THE

Spittil-Fields-Weaver's

Resurrection in the MINT,

OR THE

Creditors Hue and Cry after their Debtor,

THE

Author of the Living Mans Elegy.

ANY *Bailiff*, *Sergeant*, or *Yeoman* of the *Marshalsees*, *Middle-sex*, or *London*, that can give Tale or Tideings of a late *Spittlefields* Weaver, who having been many Years dead in the Books of his Creditors, and buryed in the *Mint*. having the Eschocheon of his Profession pendant upon the Monument, which contained his Reliques, was lately awakened by a great clap of Thunder which broak at *Westminster*, and receiving a deep and wonderful Impression, by a Thunderbolt, flying over his left Shoulder, was imediately restored to the sence of Feeling; and hath made his Resurrection from the *Alsatian* Grave, to the great Satisfaction of all his Creditors, who are in great hopes, (tho he dyed not worth a Groat) that he has so improved his Fortune in the other World, as to become a very Responsiable Christian, and will honestly pay any Man his own, that can but meet with him in the Land of the Living.

Many Tears wear shed at his Departure, Especially by his *Silkmen*, *Dyers*, *Winsters*, *Weavers*, and *Patent-Drawers*, who are now so overjoy'd that he is forced out of his *Burrough* by the forcible Claws of a powerful *Statute*, that they have laugh'd themselves into a Fit of the *Hogrogockles*, and had broke their Twatling-strings, had they not been happily preserv'd by a Dram of Doctor *Daffay's* Dumpt Water.

Whilst he liv'd amongst the *Spittle*, he was always accounted, a bountiful good Man, of sound Reputation, paying *Scot* and *Lott* to a *Farthing*: And, had rather, at any time break a *Silkman*, then let the *King* or the *Parish* go without their Taxes.

He kept a noble House, till he expired, as will appear by the Books of his *Brewer*, *Butcher* and *Baker*, to whom he run more indeb than any Six

of

of his Neighbours: And they were ſo highly concerned at his Departure for the Loſs of ſo good a Cuſtomer, that the *Brewer* ſwore like a *Drayman*; The *Butcher* roar'd like a *Bull*, and the poor *Baker* ſcratch'd his Ears as if he had been in the *Pillory*.

He was alwaies look'd upon to be a Man of *Loyalty* towards his *Prince*, and *Honeſty* towards his *Neighbour*, and of great *Integrity* and *Juſtice* in his *Dealings*, which good *Principles*, could not indeed be wanting in him, ſince he was educated from his Childhood amongſt the Godly, and went three times a week to a *Phanatic Meeting*, to hear Doctor *Grimmace* expound the Words of *Balaam's* Aſs, which were never yet rightly underſtood by any but himſelf.

He was a Man of admirable *Wit*, and wonderful *Courage*. The *Firſt* he ſhewed ſufficiently in that moſt elegant *Poem*, his own *Living Elegy*, wherein he hath ſtole the Bays from all the *Balladians* in Town. Of the latter, he has given an uncontroulable Teſtimony to the World, in his having above a *Hundred* to deal with at one time, and worſted them all before he left them, doing many of them great *Dammage* in an honourable Retreat for his own Safty.

It is thought by many ſince his *Reſurrection*, he is gone *over the Herring-Pond* whether to learn an other *Language* or to be an *honeſt Man*, his Creditors cannot well tell; but all that they fear is, he will ſoon learn ſuch *Principles* of *Intereſt* there, as to ever keep them out of both *Principle* and *Intereſt* here; to which, if any *Pettifogger*, *Bailiff*, or *Solicitor*; can help any of his ſaid *Creditor*, or give Tale or Tideings of his Perſon, ſo that he may be taken into ſafe Cuſtody, ſhall be well Rewarded for their Pains, by us whoſe Names are underwritten.

Mr. *Gum-Taffitie*, Silkman.
Mr. *Whirlagig*, Throſter.
Mr. *Scutcheonele*, Dyer.
Mr. *Fanciful*, Pattern-Drawer.
Mr. *Malt-Tax*, Brewer.
Mr. *Let goe*, Butcher.
Mr. *Small-Weight*, Baker.

FINIS.

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